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**ORATION,**

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THE FIRST BAPTIST MEETING-HOUSE,

IN PROVIDENCE,

AT THE CELEBRATION,

FEBRUARY 23, A. D. 1824,

IN COMMEMORATION

OF THE

**BIRTH-DAY OF WASHINGTON,**

AND IN AID OF THE

**CAUSE OF THE GREEKS,**

---

By **SOLOMON DROWN, M. D.**

*Professor of Materia Medica and Botany in Brown University.*

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BROWN & DANFORTH, PRINTERS.

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1824.

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*Providence, February 23, A. D. 1824.*

SOLOMON DROWN, M. D.

SIR,

The Standing Committee of the Greek Fund, through us, present you their thanks for the elegant and appropriate Oration, delivered this day, before the citizens of this town, and solicit a copy for the press.

We are, very respectfully,

Your most obedient servants,

JOHN PITMAN,

ALBERT G. GREENE,

*For the Committee.*

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*Providence, February 23, 1824.*

GENTLEMEN,

I feel much gratified by the polite manner in which you ask a copy for the press of the Address this day delivered. Since acceding to the wishes of the Committee to prepare something on the occasion, my avocations have been so much greater than anticipated, that I could not produce any thing worthy the public eye. If, however, I now comply with your request, I must beg you to accept the attempt, as a small, imperfect tribute to the cause, in which you have so honourably and indefatigably been engaged, and with it, the assurances of my cordial esteem.

SOLOMON DROWN,

*Messrs. J. PITMAN and A. G. GREENE,*

*for the Committee of the Greek Fund.*

## ORATION.

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NOVEL and important is the occasion of our assembling, and great the sympathy, so generally and generously expressed for the much injured people, whose cause we now espouse. This, too, is an anniversary of the birth of the illustrious Father of American Liberty : and may we not presume, that his benignant spirit will regard, with approbation, the doings of this day. It is in compliance with the request of the Committee of the Citizens of Providence, associated in aidance of the Greeks, that I now appear here—fully sensible how difficult, and almost impossible it is to offer any thing new, or worthy your acceptance, on a subject which has called forth the best talents of the first characters of our country. But, relying on your candour, an effort will be made ; which, should it in the smallest degree tend to promote so glorious a cause, would afford a solace to the evening of my days.

*Greece*, the most celebrated country of antiquity, is of inconsiderable extent ; but its climate is highly propitious ; the summer heat and winter cold being preserved, by the surrounding seas, in an equable state of temperature. Some of its mountains contain

valuable metals; others are composed of the finest marble. Its central plains, and beautiful islands, produce corn, oil, and wine; its vallies afford the richest pasturage; and its long winding coast abounds with excellent harbours. It has been called the garden of the Levant.

He that has sail'd upon that *dark blue* sea,  
Has view'd, at times, I ween a full fair sight.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

This interesting portion of Europe, which has borne so conspicuous a part in the annals of the world—and has so long lain dormant and unnoticed—has lately again begun to attract the attention of mankind. In contemplating the affairs of this wonderful people, from the earliest ages, a vast theatre opens to our view, so crowded with illustrious men, and illustrious deeds, that it is difficult to know where to begin, or how to proceed in their delineation. Of this, however, we are sure—that were we to attempt even a short narration of the contending powers—Greece and Turkey—of the oppressors and oppressed—the shades of the evening would arrest the half-told task. A brief sketch, however, of prominent subjects, may tend to enhance our estimation of Grecian character.

*Homer*, a name synonymous with genius and poetry, first bursts upon our notice; whose poem *Phœbus* challenged for his own, says *Milton*. He, according to *Blair*, flourished about nine hundred years before the Christian era. In his celebrated works, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, he has displayed

the most consummate knowledge of human nature, and astonished the world by the sublimity, the fire, the sweetness, and elegance of his poetry. Modern travellers have been surprised to behold the different scenes described *three thousand* years before, still existing in the same unvaried form; and the navigator, who steers his course along the Ægean sea, finds all the promontories and rocks which appeared to Nestor and Menelaus, when they returned victorious from the Trojan war. Nor is it one of his least beauties—the sometimes adapting the sound of a line, to the sense or meaning of the thing described. The aged priest of Apollo, —refused the restoration of his captive daughter, is represented proceeding silent along the beach of the boisterous deep. In Homer's wondrous verse we hear the roaring billow dashing on the shore, and its subsequent seething along the sands.

*Be d' acheōn para thina poluphloisboio thalasses.*

In the combat between Menelaus and Paris, we hear the snapping disruption of the weapon.

*Trichtha te ki' tetrachtha diatruphen echpese cheiros.*

But why single out an instance or two from a work abounding with specimens of inimitable beauty and grandeur. Immortal bard!—thy fame is destined to endure till mankind quit the globe.

Non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens  
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis  
Annorum seres, et fuga temporem.

*Hor.*

"Years after years an everlasting train,  
Shall ne'er destroy the glory of *thy* name."

Among heroes, *Epaminondas* occupies an elevated rank. Although his descent was honourable, his patrimony was small, and was exhausted in procuring the means of every kind of instruction.—Having expended to the most important and useful purposes the slender pittance which he derived from his family, he exemplified, in an humble and indigent condition, the principles of philosophy which he had imbibed. Superiour to any temptations which affluence or ambition could offer, he maintained, during the whole course of his life, an uncorrupt mind, an inviolable regard to truth, and an irreproachable rectitude of conduct. If we contemplate him in his public character, we must admire the sublime philosophy, which enlightened and directed all his actions; that genius, which was so rich in information and so fruitful in resources; and those plans which were concerted with supereminent prudence and executed with equal celerity. When he was at the head of the army, and was informed that his shield-bearer had sold a captive his liberty; “Give me back my buckler,” said *Epaminondas*, “since your hands are soiled with money, you are no longer worthy to follow me in dangers.” *Pelopidas*, an affluent fellow-citizen, attached himself to *Epaminondas* by the most intimate friendship, and when he could not prevail with this illustrious youth to partake of *his* fortune, he resolved to share in the poverty of his friend, and to form himself upon the model of his conduct. The concurrence of circumstances, mutual esteem, and an uniformity of sentiments and

views, formed an indissoluble union between these two great men. But we have time to attend only to the closing scene of his life. Never did Epaminondas display greater abilities than in his last battle; so that the enemy, dismayed at his appearance, betook themselves to flight. But whilst he was pursuing them with great ardour, they suddenly rallied, and poured upon him a shower of darts. At length one of them pierced his breast with a javelin, the point of which was left in his body. When he was carried off the ground to his tent, and had recovered his speech, his first question was, what was become of his shield? when it was brought him, he kissed it as the instrument of his labours and his glory.—He then enquired concerning the event of the battle; and being informed that the Thebans were victorious, he said, “It is well; I die unconquered. Advise the Thebans to conclude a peace.” The javelin being then extracted, he expired. On the plain where he fell, two monuments were raised to him—a trophy and a tomb. Epaminondas is represented by Cicero as one of the greatest men that any age or nation ever produced.

*Philopœman*, the last great commander among the Greeks, was born at Megalopolis, in Arcadia. Having lost his father at an early age, he was carefully educated by Cassander, a noble Mantinean, and he received the instructions of two academic philosophers, who instilled into his mind high principles of honour and patriotism. The intervals of war he spent in hunting, and in the cultivation of his own

estate. It was when he was about the age of thirty, Cleomenes, King of Sparta, surprised Megalopolis by night; Philopœman exerted himself with the utmost valour to drive him out again, and when he was unable to effect this, at the hazard of his life, he covered the retreat of the inhabitants to Messene — In his last battle, by falling from his horse, he was taken prisoner, and inhumanly thrust into a subterranean dungeon. His death was decreed, and an executioner was sent to his prison with a cup of poison. As soon as the hero beheld him, he raised himself with difficulty from the ground, and enquired, whether Lycostas and his companions had escaped; and being assured, that they were all safe, he replied, “then we are not entirely unfortunate,” and calmly drank the poison, which soon proved mortal. He died at the age of seventy. His fate, which he so little deserved, excited the grief and resentment of the whole Achæan league, of which he had been the ornament and support; and numbers flocked to join a force, led by Lycortas, to revenge his death. Most of the cities of Greece erected his statue, with inscriptions recording his great actions. Several years after his death, when Corinth was destroyed by the Consul Mummius, a Roman moved for the subversion of all his statues and monuments, as those of an implacable enemy of Rome. Polybius, however, in an eloquent harangue, defended his memory, and the Consul would not permit such a posthumous insult to a truly great man. In this the Romans discovered a less Gothic temper, than the syc-

ophants of the Bourbon race, who were so ready to deface and demolish the proud monuments of *Napoleon*.

Who is unacquainted with the patriotic bravery of *Leonidas*? Had the passes of the Pyrenees been defended by such Grecian energy as he commanded at the Straits of Thermopylæ, *Spain* would not now be groaning under a despotic tyrant, and the tortures of the *holy* inquisition. It was in hymns, like that of Aristotle, to his friend Hermias, that the heroic deeds of the Greeks were celebrated.

“Virtue! thou source of pure delight,  
Whose rugged mein can ne’er affright  
The man with courage fir’d;  
For thee the sons of Greece have run  
To certain ills, which others shun,  
And gloriously expir’d.

Whene’er thy sacred seeds take root,  
Immortal are the flow’rs and fruit;  
Unfading are the leaves;  
Dearer than smiles of parent kind,  
Than balmy sleep, or gold refin’d,  
The joys, thy triumph gives.

For thee, the Twins of mighty Jove,  
For thee, divine Alcides strove  
From vice, the world to free;  
For thee, Achilles quits the light  
And Ajax plunges into night,  
Eternal night, for thee.

Hermias, the darling of mankind,  
Shall leave a deathless name behind,  
For the untimely slain;  
As long as Jove’s bright altars blaze,  
His worth shall furnish grateful praise,  
To all the Muses’ train.”

Greece may also boast of her far-famed Orators : Demosthenes, whose resistless eloquence, “ wielded at will that fierce democracy :” and Isocrates—but who can name them all? Well might Horace say,

Graiiis ingenium, Graiis dedit ore rotundo  
Musa loqui.

To the Greeks the Muse vouchsafed genius, and superiour eloquence. Numerous, too, were her Philosophers—Solon, Hippocrates, prince of physicians, Anaxagoras, Socrates, Plato, &c. Anaxagoras first taught in Athens the existence of one eternal and Supreme Being; or, as he is said to have expressed himself, “ a perfect mind, independent of body,” as the cause or Creator of all things; and, by enabling his pupils to calculate eclipses of the sun and moon, proved these hitherto reputed divinities to be mere material substances. But bigotry existed among the Grecian people, and his doctrine was so directly repugnant to their whole religious notions, that he was accused of impiety, and obliged to withdraw from the Athenian territories. Now let us repair

“ To the low-roof’d house of Socrates;  
Whom, well-inspir’d, the oracle pronounc’d  
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth  
Mellifluous streams that water’d all the schools  
Of Academies old and new.”

*Milton.*

Socrates, early impressed by the sublime principles of theology taught by the exiled philosopher, yet, perceiving the inutility, or at least the unpopularity of such discussions respecting the nature of

the Deity, applied himself rather to investigate the duty which man ought to render to such a Being, as Anaxagoras had described the great Creator. He seems to have settled it as a first principle, that if the providence of God interfered in the government of the world, the duty of man to man must form a distinguished branch of the divine will. He therefore applied himself to examine and inculcate the social duties ; and, possessing a most discriminating and ready eloquence, he rendered his conversation (the only mode of teaching which he employed) at once amusing and instructive. While he maintained the perfect wisdom and perfect goodness of the Supreme Being, and the constant superintendence of his providence over the affairs of men, he continued to observe and to recommend the various acts of religious worship which were practised in his native country. But all his caution and worth availed him not. Superstition tendered hemlock to him. Willingly would we cast the mantle of oblivion over such contemptible infatuation and advert with pleasure to Grecian deeds of glory. See Miltiades marshalling his army at Marathon ;—that field though deathful, yet of deathless fame. The Persian army amounting to about one hundred thousand infantry, and ten thousand cavalry, accustomed to conquer, and having frequently engaged the Greeks of Asia and Cyprus, advanced with confidence as to certain victory. The amount of the Athenian force has been stated as low as nine thousand heavy-armed infantry, and one thousand Platæans, who had bravely hast-

ened to share the desperate struggle for the freedom of their country. Various considerations, however, make it probable, that the regular Grecian troops, now opposed to the Persians, were not much less than twenty thousand, with about an equal number of armed slaves. With this army, still fearfully inferior to the invading host, the genius of Miltiades, who was well acquainted with the nature of the Persian troops, seconded by the determined bravery of his soldiers, breathing the spirit of freedom, which was paramount to a countless multitude, the tools of despotism, gained on the plain of Marathon, a most decisive victory, and drove the routed Persians to their ships with great slaughter. The joy excited among the Athenians by a victory, which not only delivered them from the dread of their enemies, but raised them to distinguished pre-eminence among their rivals and allies, is evident from a remarkable incident which happened immediately after the battle. As soon as fortune had visibly declared in their favour, a soldier was dispatched from the army, to convey the welcome news to the capital. He ran with incredible velocity, and appeared, covered with dust and blood, in the presence of the Senators: excess of fatigue conspired with the transports of enthusiasm, to exhaust the vigour of his frame; he had only time to exclaim, "*Rejoice with the victors!*" and immediately expired. Generous patriot soldier! thy name, long buried in oblivion, had richly merited to be immortalized.

Greece has furnished models of every excellence

to surrounding nations. Rome strove to form herself upon the Grecian model in many instances ; but in many instances fell short of the great original. Probably there can be found no where in the Roman code of polity or jurisprudence, a parallel to Solon's institutes. These forcibly inculcate temperance, and censure the contrary as a principal source of misconduct. In Athens, the institutions regarding women, and the relations in which they are concerned, were much more liberal than those of Rome. Solon considers marriage as an engagement of mutual affection. He does not consider the wife as the Romans afterwards did, as only part of the family property. He regards her as the domestic companion of her husband. As a great source of criminal conduct is idleness, Solon enacted a law which obliged every citizen to exercise some trade or profession. It is not only the description of crime, and the annexation of punishment, that is of importance in penal cases, but also the tribunal which is to take cognizance of the case. By Solon's laws, every Athenian citizen has a right to be tried by his peers ; the Athenian law was in this, superiour to the Roman. Solon, like every wise lawgiver, endeavoured to extend the influence of religion over the minds of his countrymen.

In poetry and literature too, the Romans were emulous of Grecian glory. *Vos exemplaria Græca*, says Horace—

Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.

Thus inciting the Roman scholars *sedulously*, by night and by day, to con the Greek examples.

But, we must leave this pleasing theme, and reluctantly turn our attention to the decadency and extinction of this once glorious, independent nation.—The name of Greece has long been obscured by that of Turkey in Europe. Sad vicissitude in human affairs ! That the name, once most celebrated of any on the eastern continent, for every elegant refinement, should give place to a name still closely allied to barbarism. It is about four hundred years since the Greeks received the Turkish galling yoke of bondage : and, how different their treatment since that fatal event, from what their ancestors experienced when subdued by the Roman arms.—Greece, then, soon acquired, by her arts of peace, a silent superiority over her conquerors. The victors became the disciples of the vanquished ; and the most distinguished Romans learned, in the Grecian schools of philosophy, to regard the country which they held in subjection, with the gratitude and respect due to a benefactor. These considerations contributed undoubtedly to secure to the inhabitants of Greece a milder exercise of authority, and more distinguished marks of favour, than were enjoyed by any other province under the yoke of Rome. Not so the conduct of the Turks towards this singular people. Their vassalage under the *Tartar race* has been marked with cruelties of a character that transcends all description. When their ineffable sufferings were wrought up to a pitch which could no longer be borne, they, about three years since, nobly resolved to shake off the soul-debasing yoke

of the oppressor ; and (as well expressed in the Boston address) “They rose in the simple energy of oppressed, insulted, outraged man ; their great resource, that they had nothing more to lose—their strong encouragement, that no extremity could sink them lower.” Since that memorable epoch, what horrible barbarities have awaited them. A recital of the atrocities of Scio, would make an American savage shudder. It was true, by their bravery, they have had a partial revenge. They have struggled like men who hold death infinitely preferable to ignominious slavery. When we hear of a victory achieved by these descendants of an illustrious race, we are ready to rank it with the victories obtained by the Grecians of old, and imagine their armies are led on by men inheriting the spirit of Miltiades, Aristides, or Phocion ; and, if they succeed in a naval engagement, that their fleet may be ordered by another Themistocles, or Cimon. Astonishing bravery has been discovered in this arduous strife for freedom. Without allies, and under every discouragement, some of their battles may claim affinity with that at Marathon—and their sea-fights, with the famous sea-fight at Salamis.

It cannot, with propriety, be alleged, that the modern Greeks are a barbarous, ignorant people.—“It does not appear that an acquaintance with Greek, as a living tongue, has ever ceased among persons of education in that country.” “At the very moment (says a late writer) when blood was flowing in the streets of Scio, beneath the Turkish sword, when

its wives and daughters were sold by tens of thousands into a heart-rending slavery, and its sick and aged burning alive in the houses, the funds of the college, which flourished in this devoted island, were employed at Paris, in the publication of the choicest remains of ancient literature." The aged Dr. Coray, a learned Greek citizen, has lately published an edition of an ancient Greek classick, the preface to which is very interesting. As means of improving the state of his native land, and hastening its progress to independence, he justly recommends an attention to the business of education—and recommends the study of the ancient Greek. As more immediate means of pursuing the present contest with success, he enforces the necessity of husbanding the resources of the country, consisting in taxes to be equally levied on all, and in the voluntary contributions of the wealthy friends of Grecian liberty. He closes with an injunction to conduct the contest with humanity. Our warfare is with Turks, says he, but let us not contend like Turks. This work was published at the expense of the unfortunate Sciotes, and designed for the use of the schools in that country. It has been well remarked, that even the bare assurance of sympathy would have something like a cheering, inspiring effect on those engaged in such perilous warfare ; but, we trust something more solid and substantial than sympathy will be wafted from the favoured shores of freedom, to the long depressed, now renovating Grecian States. Sympathy they will abundantly share—for what iron bosom can re-

fuse it? I had thought not to enter into any detail respecting the worse than savage treatment experienced by the Greeks; but, how can the theme, though painful, be avoided? On this subject, I offer part of an address of twenty respectable Sciote merchants, made in behalf of their wretched brethren. After stating that the warfare now waged by the Turks, surpasses, in horrors of cruelty, whatever is recorded of the ages of darkness, the address proceeds—Those who, no longer able to endure the intolerable yoke of tyranny, resolved to take up arms, with a determination, either to obtain their lawful and just liberty, or end at once their miseries and their lives—have suffered indeed many and great evils. But, then, it has not been their unhappy lot to see their temples profaned, and their children and wives dishonoured, to be themselves dragged into captivity, and to become the sport of the insolent rage of their rulers. These are horrors, which have been reserved for the submissive and unoffending; for those who, trembling at their own defenceless situation, when exposed to the cruelty of the tyrant, determined to bear in silence the weight of oppression; for those who, not only took no part in the operation of the insurgents, but who, in order to give the strongest proof of their allegiance and subordination, surrendered themselves into the hands of their masters, and as a confirmation of their submission, went voluntarily to prison, where they were treated with every indignity and cruelty. Nay, they even deprived themselves of food, in order to maintain those very persons who were soon to become their executioners.

They consumed all their property to enrich their plunderers ; they stripped themselves to clothe their oppressors. It was upon these wretched victims (amongst whom the inhabitants of Cyprus and Scio were pre-eminent in misery) that those Turkish beasts, in human form, rushed, with the fury of tigers, attacking them with fire and sword, without distinction of class, family, or age, guilt or innocence, slaughtering unmercifully and indiscriminately, from the magistrates of the people, the archbishops, and archons, to the lowest menial, so that the blood of the Christians flowed in torrents, dying the very soil of Scio. It was indeed a sight too horrible to be endured, when men beheld their wives led into captivity, their chaste daughters—we can proceed no further. Out of more than a hundred thousand inhabitants, there now remain but twelve hundred on the island. The greater part of the men and of the aged women were destroyed. In other parts of the Turkish dominions, the Greeks were shot at like dogs, by the lawless Janissaries. Think of an amiable Grecian mother, an infant at her bosom, seized by a ruthless ruffian, for a slave. She knows, assuredly, her husband is massacred. Alas ! the heart sickens at pursuing her destiny. Think of European and American merchants, obliged to shut their doors on women, who, after wandering for two days without food, and in constant peril of their lives, came to implore a single night's shelter from pursuit, brutality and death. Think of—no : we will think no further than to strive to prevent such horrible enormities. Surely we can feel for the Greeks

without particularizing their sufferings, and wading through the blood of the victims of *tyranny*, or rather let me say, of *Hell-born fury*! Contemplating such barbarous deeds, even Englishmen exclaim, “We will not endure that the land, to which we owe every thing, after religion, most valuable—science, art, poetry, philosophy—that *that* land, with all its recollections, its images of beauty, its temples\* worn by the footsteps of heroes, its sacred mountains and poetic streams, should be left desolate, a prey to the ferocity of barbarians.”—*We*, of this State, may claim a sort of physical kindred with the Grecian States;—the name of ours being derivable from the island Rhodes, of the *Ægean* sea. Here, too, in this very town of Providence—*favente Providentia*—at early dawn of settlement, the first effectual stand was made for civil and religious freedom, by the illustrious WILLIAMS. *We*, then, have peculiar reason to sympathize with Grecians.—The inhabitants of this happy State need no incentives to espouse their cause. It would be an impeachment of their invincible love of liberty, and of their generous sympathy for the oppressed, to surmise a moment they could need persuasory motives on such an occasion. We most earnestly hope that every contest for liberty, throughout the globe, may prove triumphant!—That many headed hydra, ycleped the *Holy Alliance*, may still strive to hold the world in vassalage; but all in vain. The die is cast; and though some intervening clouds awhile

\* A British Lord [Elgin] has removed some of the ornaments of those temples, &c. *An barbarus fuit?*

may hide its splendour, yet universal freedom *must* prevail. "Great and glorious is the part (observes a late writer) which *this* country is to act, in the political regeneration of the world. Wheresoever the chosen race, the sons of liberty, shall worship freedom, they will turn their faces to *us*."

An extract or two from the translation of the proclamation of the Senate of Calamata, signed by its President, may not be uninteresting. This State paper has been published in this country, in Greek, and begins, "*Andres tes Americhanes Sumpoliteias!* Men of the American connected Polities! or, Citizens of the United States of America:—Having formed the resolution to live or die for freedom, we are drawn toward you by a just sympathy; since it is in your land that Liberty has fixed her abode, and by you that she is prized, as by our fathers. Hence, in invoking her name, we invoke yours at the same time, trusting that in imitating you, we shall imitate our ancestors, and be thought worthy of them, if we succeed in resembling you. We esteem you nearer than the nations on our frontiers; and we possess, in you, friends, fellow-citizens and brethren, because you are just, humane and generous; just, because free; generous and liberal, because Christians. Your liberty is not propped on the slavery of other nations, nor your prosperity on their calamities and sufferings. But, on the contrary, free and prosperous yourselves, you are desirous that all men should share the same blessings; that all should enjoy those rights, to which all are by nature equally entitled. It is you, who first pro-

claimed these rights ; it is you, who have been the first again to recognize them, in rendering the rank of men to the Africans degraded to the level of brutes. It is by your example, that Europe has abolished the shameful and cruel trade in human flesh ; from you that she receives lessons of justice, and learns to renounce her absurd and sanguinary customs. This glory, Americans, is yours alone, and raises you above all the nations which have gained a name for liberty and laws.

“ It is for you, citizens of America, to crown this glory, in aiding us to purge Greece from the barbarians, who for four hundred years have polluted the soil. It is surely worthy of you, to banish ignorance and barbarism from the country of freedom and the arts. The fellow-citizens of Penn, of Washington, and of Franklin, will not refuse their aid to the descendants of Phocion, and Thrasybulus, of Aratus, and of Philopœmen.”

It seems difficult to *quit* the subject. There is a sort of magic in the *name* of *Greece*. Often in fancy, have I roamed about the classick fields and groves of that felicitous region, transported by a thousand agreeable associations. 'Tis true, Parnassus' dizzy height I dared not climb. It fitted better to haunt Bœotian shades, and listen to the wood notes sweet of Hesiod, when he sung the rural cares of Grecian husbandmen. Or, to ramble with Theophrastus, and gather interesting plants upon the Lesbian hills, or the delightful slopes of Mount Hymettus, or where

“ Ilissus rolls his whisp'ring streams.”

Sometimes my footsteps unconsciously would tend towards the mountain of the Areopagus, where the members were assembled together, with no other roof but the canopy of heaven. "A sparrow pursued by a hawk, once fled into the midst of them for refuge; it took shelter in the bosom of one of them, a man, naturally of a harsh and repulsive disposition, who taking hold of the little trembler, threw it from him with such violence, that it was killed on the spot. The whole assembly were filled with indignation at the cruelty of the deed: the author of it was instantly arraigned as an alien to that sentiment of mercy so necessary to the administration of justice, and by the unanimous suffrages of his colleagues, was degraded from the senatorial dignity which he had so much disgraced. Here was a decision in favour of humanity, in an early age of Greece. O Greece! thou wert indeed glorious in numerous respects. Thou wert the cradle of all that is elegant in art;—of all that is fascinating in poesy and literature;—of all that is excellent in legislation and political science, or splendid in martial achievements;—of all, in a word, that can add interest and true nobility to the human character. Thy mighty genius has slumbered for many ages; but, is now awaking from a long night of melancholy stupor, and shedding gleams of glory round thee, emulative of that which adorned thee in the zenith of thy former splendour. *We*, though far remote, and separated from thee by the multitudinous waves of ocean and the midland sea, yet cannot look with frigid indifferency upon thy virtuous struggles for all that

mankind hold most dear. There are still *some* remaining amongst us, who have participated in like conflicts, for the ennobling prize of Liberty !

Ancient nursery of freedom—Greece !—farewell : but we bid thee not—*farewell*, without an effort to *assist thee*.

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[The following Odes were performed. The first was altered for the occasion, and sung by Mr. WADE—and the one selected was sung by the Choir ; both accompanied by the Band of the Light Infantry Company.]

TUNE—‘ *Scots wha hae wi’ Wallace bled.*’

GREEKS who have for freedom bled,  
Greeks whom heroes oft have led,  
Patriot blood shall ne’er be shed  
In vain for Liberty.

Now’s the day and now’s the hour,  
While your proud oppressors cower,  
Spurn the turban’d Tyrant’s power,  
Chains and Slavery.

Descended from the great and brave,  
Can the Grecian live a slave?  
Will no arm his country save  
From base tyranny.

As, for liberty and right,  
WASHINGTON upheld our fight,  
So, some Grecian Patriot’s might  
Shall lead to Victory.

By Oppression’s woes and pains,  
By your sons in servile chains,  
By your desolated fanes,  
Swear you will be free!

Lay the ruthless Moslem low,  
Tyrants fall in every foe,  
Liberty’s in every blow,  
FREEMEN LIVE, or DIE!

## ODE,

BY MRS. C. M. THAYER,

Adapted to the Song of Miriam.

SOUND the loud trump o'er the Ægean sea,  
 The Moslem has fallen, and Greece shall be free!  
 Rous'd be the spirit that gallantly shone,  
 When the Persian's proud host was in battle o'erthrown,  
 Wake the bold harp that for ages has slumber'd,  
 The deeds of her heroes with ecstasy tell;  
 In Glory's bright archieives her sons shall be number'd,  
 Immortal as those who at Marathon fell.  
 Sound the loud trump o'er the Ægean sea,  
 The Moslem has fallen, and Greece shall be free!

Loud let the chorus of triumph ascend,  
 Wide may the empire of Freedom extend!  
 Greece, where the olive and myrtle have flourish'd,  
 Once the proud home of the free and the brave,  
 Where Science was cradled, and Liberty nourish'd,  
 Greece shall exult over Tyranny's grave.  
 Sound the loud trump o'er the Ægean sea,  
 The Moslem has fallen, and Greece shall be free!

Praise to JEHOVAH, our Saviour and Lord,  
 Our zeal is His Spirit, our light is His WORD,  
 HE, the strong fetters of Slavery has broken,  
 His banner of Light to the nations unfurl'd;  
 The mandate of Mercy Jehovah has spoken,  
 And Freedom and Peace shall illumine the world.  
 Sound the loud trump o'er the Ægean sea,  
 The Moslem has fallen, and GREECE SHALL BE FREE!











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